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BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

THE GIFT OF

CHARLES WILLIAM WENDTE

OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

BRADLEY & RULOFSON, ... SAN FRANCISCO.

"They answer, in joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall,—want treasure,—cannot
Do what they would; are sorry—you are honorable,—
But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—but
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity—
And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods,
They froze me into silence."

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DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY

OF

WILLIAM C. RALSTON,

BY

THE ALTA CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO,

1875.

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MEMORIAL

OF

WILLIAM C. RALSTON.

Born at Wellsville, Ohio, January 12, 1826.
Died in San Francisco, August 27, 1875.

To say nothing of the universal tributes to the memory of WILLIAM C. RALSTON that have appeared in the papers abroad, those which have been rendered by the papers of the Pacific Coast (with two notable exceptions) would fill a large volume; and even here, in compiling a partial record of that which thousands wish to preserve, it is difficult to decide where to end.

Virtually, the obsequies of RALSTON have not been local. He was known by the civilized world, and wherever the lightning sent the tidings of his death, there was mourning. This memorial, therefore, is, of necessity, a fragmentary record.

He was recognised as the foremost genius of this Western Empire, and was as noble in charities as he was bold in enterprises.

The following, taken from the files of the *Daily Alta* for August, is selected from the great mass of testimonials, commemorative of his life and death:

The tragic story of yesterday is briefly told. The early morning saw W. C. RALSTON departing from his home for the Bank, leaving his wife and his children penniless—laying down his entire property, home and all, on the altar of financial honor. He sacrificed all, to help the Bank. In the great pride of manhood, he met the Board of Trustees—men who, with few exceptions, had been lifted by his genius, from obscurity to affluence. There were those among them, (and we are informed that Mr. Sharon was one of those,) who offered to stand by him until the last dollar, and the last drop of blood were gone. When the Board of Trustees met, Mr. RALSTON was requested to withdraw, because they desired to consult on some matters which would require his absence. He withdrew to his office. Soon, he was waited upon by D. O. Mills, who, by instructions of the Board, presented to him a copy of a resolution adopted by the Board, requesting his resignation. Immediately he handed the required document to Mr. Mills, and, after

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a few moment's conversation with a friend, he went from his office into the general banking room, and never returned. It appears that he left the Bank by the Sansome-street entrance, went up Sansome to Clay, thence to Stockton St., and to the Bath House at North Beach. The proprietor of the bath suggested to him, upon his request for towels, that he was too warm to go into the water. It seems that he had walked all the way from the bank. His handkerchief and underclothing, when found and examined, nearly an hour after his death, were dripping with perspiration. And this is the story. We have no comment to make upon the agencies that brought about this result.

The streets were alive with people until a late hour last night, and at all points the sad event of the day, which has cast a gloom over the city, was the subject of discussion.

The following is the report of the Coroner's Jury :—

The deceased was WILLIAM C. RALSTON, late of the City and County of San Francisco. His age was 49 years, and he was a native of Ohio. On Friday afternoon, August 27, 1875, MR. RALSTON, according to his habit of bathing there, proceeded to the North Beach for the purpose of sea bathing. He used every reasonable and proper precaution to reduce his bodily temperature before entering the water. He was carried by the flood tide beyond his power to return ; and his exertions to regain the shore, added to the shock to his system by contact with the water, while he was overheated, produced congestion of the brain and vital organs. His death was caused primarily by such congestion, and secondarily by drowning. The jury were unanimously of the opinion, and do find that MR. RALSTON'S death was accidental.

Signed :	J. B. GARNISS,	R. F. MORROW,
	C. L. WELLER,	J. R. KEENE,
	H. F. WILLIAMS,	W. H. L. BARNES,
	A. A. COHEN,	J. C. L. WADSWORTH.

The Coroner, after the jury had rendered their report, thanked them for the diligence and care they had exercised in arriving at their verdict. He also stated that he had left nothing undone that would bring out all the facts in the case.

THE FUNERAL

Took place on Monday, August 30th. The Bank of California was elaborately covered with the insignia of mourning, as were many other buildings. We may say that SAN FRANCISCO was dressed in mourning garb, yesterday morning, out of respect to the memory of one who, but a few days ago, was her most conspicuous citizen—WILLIAM C. RALSTON. It was the day appointed for entombing the remains of the deceased ; and our people made common cause in testifying their respect and affection for the man who had done so much to

beautify the city and develop the resources of the Coast. On California street, from Kearny to the Bay, almost every building had a large flag at half-mast. Montgomery and Kearny streets also floated many similar tokens of sorrow; and all over the city, flags drooped from half-mast over hotels, public buildings, newspaper offices, theatres, etc., and from many private residences, as well as from the shipping in the Bay. A stranger, uninformed as to the cause of this mournful display, would have been able at once to divine that some great man had gone. From ten o'clock A. M. until one P. M. business houses, generally were closed. On one block of Kearny street every house was closed. Some of the public buildings and markets were closed for the day. At an early hour, people began to arrive at the vicinity of Col. Fry's residence, whence the body was to be borne, and of Rev. Mr. Hemphill's church, where the services were to be held; and, by nine o'clock, a dense mass of people gathered about the church, and were ranged along the route of the procession. There have been several similar occasions on which the people of this city have turned out *en masse* to do honor to the memory of the dead; but the demonstration of yesterday was, perhaps, the most noticeable and impressive ever seen here. It was no class display. It was not RALSTON the Banker, who was being honored; but RALSTON the Benefactor. So, the vast throng that gathered to hear the last words of religion and friendship over his bier, or to drop a flower upon his coffin, or to catch a glimpse of the cortege which followed him to his resting place, was composed of men, women and children of all classes of life, from the palatial residence to the tenement house; from the bank, the factory, the warehouse, the counting-room, the workshop, and from all parts of the great city. San Francisco forgot whatever of dross there was in the character of her dead son, and, remembering only his commanding genius, his labors for her welfare, and his great goodness of heart, wrapped herself in sombre robes and mourned over his grave.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

As we have said, the streets adjacent to Calvary Church were crowded with ladies and gentlemen of every degree and station of life. The preponderance of ladies was noticeable. The people swarmed into Union Square, and soon it presented a picture of one solid square of humanity. The density of the crowd was so great, that it was almost impossible to reach the Church. Good order and decorum, however, universally prevailed. Several ladies fainted, owing to the heat and excitement, but they were taken into the neighboring dwellings and kindly treated.

Shortly after eleven o'clock the cortege arrived at the church from the residence of Col. Fry. Capt. Humphrey's Company of the Nationals was drawn up in front of the church to receive the remains with military honors. The casket was removed from the hearse, in the midst of thousands of uncovered heads. Eight members of the Nationals carried the casket slowly into the church, followed by Mrs. Ralston, leaning on the arm of her eldest son; a younger son of Mr. Ralston, accompanied by his sister; Dr. Haine, the

family physician; A. J. Ralston and wife; Col. Fry and family, and the members of the family of the late Hon. T. H. Selby, who constituted the chief mourners. The clerks of the Bank, Regents of the University, members of the Bar, members of the Chamber of Commerce, the Stock Boards and Odd Fellows followed and took seats reserved for them.

The pulpit was beautifully decorated with evergreens, orange flowers, tube roses, jessamines, camellias, large quantities of ferns of different varieties, heliotropes, pinks and rosebuds. Many of the flowers were worked into the forms of crosses, anchors, broken columns, hearts and wreaths. The rear of the pulpit was also decorated with festoons of evergreens, and wreaths of white flowers. Upon the funeral casket were beautiful white flowers, bouquets, crosses and broken columns. Many of the mourners brought bouquets of white flowers. The entrance to the church was accompanied by the playing of Beethoven's funeral march by the organist, Mr. Bosworth. The pews and aisles of the church were crowded. The choir now sung, "Out of the Depths;" then, as the deepest hush had fallen upon the assembly, the Pastor read from the Scriptures the 100th Psalm, and I Corinthians, XV, 35–58. The "Rock of Ages" was then sung, after which the Rev. Dr. Hemphill performed the funeral ceremonies.

When the services were concluded, the multitudes on the streets again showed their respect by uncovering as the body was brought out. The Second Infantry band played the Dead March by Filtz. As soon as the body was placed in the hearse the cortege was formed. The hearse remained standing while the First, Second and Third Regiments of Infantry, the Battalion of Cavalry, and the California Light Guard Battery passed by with reversed arms and measured tread. The cortege then moved in the following order: Col. McComb, Dr. Whitney, Major Thrall, Marshal and aids, mounted. Second Infantry band, and First Infantry Drum Corps with muffled drums, Col. Wason, Senior Colonel commanding the Troops; First Regiment Infantry, Col Granniss commanding; Second Regiment Infantry, Lieut.-Col. Lake commanding; Third Regiment Infantry, Lieut.-Col. Bateman commanding; California Guard Light Battery, Capt. Bush commanding; Battalion of Cavalry, dismounted, Capt. John Schreiber commanding. The Jackson Dragoons, San Francisco Hussars and the Light Dragoons.

Following the militia, came Templar Lodge, No. 17, I. O. O. F., of which MR. RALSTON was a member. The lodge turned out in very full numbers. Rev. John Hemphill came next, then the hearse, with the following pall bearers:

R. F. Morrow,	Geo. S. Dodge,	Senator Cole,
M Reese,	Geo. H. Howard,	William Alvord,
William Burling,	Peter Donahue,	W. K. Vanderslice,
Louis A. Garnett,	William Sharon,	John O. Earle,
D. O. Mills,	Col. W. H. L. Barnes,	W. K. Deitrick,
M. Livingston,	D. D. Colton,	Charles Clayton,
H. P. Wakelee,	Judge Hoffman,	A. A. Cohen,
Thomas Bell,	S. M. Wilson,	C. N. Felton.
	Wm. T. Coleman,	

The National Guard, Captain Humphrey, acting as guard of honor, flanked the pall bearers

The faithful colored valet of MR. RALSTON walked immediately behind the hearse.

Next came the clerks and employés of the Bank of California, numbering sixty five, headed by Mr. Thomas Brown, the Cashier, and Mr. S. Franklin, the Secretary.

The Regents, Faculty and students of the University of California, and members of the Bar.

Members of the Chamber of Commerce, headed by President W. F. Babcock and ex-President C. A. Lowe.

The San Francisco Stock Exchange, headed by Coll Deane and Howard Coit.

The Pacific Stock Exchange, headed by Col. A. J. Moulder.

Following these, marched the officers and employés of the Mission Woollen Mills; the employés of the Kimball Carriage Manufacturing Company; of the West Coast Furniture Company; of the Cornell Watch Company; and the workmen of the Palace Hotel, numbering about 1800 men, all wearing crape.

The Lumbermen's Protective Association, numbering 172, and the Scandinavian Society, numbering 60, headed by Mr. C. A. Freese, came next. In the ranks of the Scandinavian Society was Mr. Sonnichsen, Consul for Denmark and Vice-Consul for Sweden and Norway.

Citizens on foot closed up the pedestrian part of the cortege.

Then came the mourning friends of the family, and citizens in carriages.

The cortege moved from Powell and Geary streets to Post, to Stockton, to O'Farrell, to Taylor, to Geary, to Van Ness avenue. The streets and house-windows were packed with people along the entire route, and the cross streets were lined with vehicles of every description. It appeared as though the entire population had decided to testify their respect to the dead by following his remains to his final resting place.

The scenes on the streets through which the cortege passed were never equalled before in this city. At the obsequies of Broderick, Baker, Lincoln, and Starr King, extraordinary displays were made; but the quiet, sombre appearance of the multitude, yesterday, far surpassed them all. The man to whom such a tribute was paid must have been held in warm affection by the people of all classes and creeds. It was a popular demonstration, called forth as an act of respect, due to one who had done so much for the community in which he lived.

When the head of the column reached the corner of Geary street and Van Ness avenue, the National Guard and civic societies opened ranks to allow the hearse to pass through—the troops presenting arms, and the band playing Dead Marches from Beethoven and Rossini.

The pall bearers, Odd Fellows, bank clerks, Chamber of Commerce and members of the Stock Exchanges, then took carriages in waiting for them, and the cortege continued slowly on its way to the Cemetery.

The procession was over three miles in length, and it took forty-two minutes for those on foot to pass.

The throng at the Cemetery was equally as great as that on the streets and at the church. At an early hour, men, women and children wended their way to the City of the Dead, and there waited for hours for the cortege to arrive. Two hours before the time announced for the cortege to leave the Church, the crowd in the Cemetery was increasing so fast, and appropriating the space in and about MR. RALSTON'S plot, that word was sent to the city for a squad of police, who were at once despatched to keep the avenues in the Cemetery clear for the mourners.

About half-past two o'clock, the beating of the muffled drums announced that the procession of mourners was near. The first to enter the gates were the members of Templar Lodge, No. 17, of Odd Fellows, followed by the Guard of Honor—the Nationals—the pall-bearers, the hearse, family and friends. The casket was placed on stools in front of the RALSTON vault, around which had been strewn choice flowers. The Odd Fellows gathered, on either side of the casket, leaving room for the immediate mourners, Mrs. Ralston, her two sons and daughters.

The ceremonies were brief and impressive. The Noble Grand of Templar Lodge called the assemblage to order; a quartette followed by singing Pleyel's hymn. Rev. Mr. Hemphill invoked a prayer, after which the members of the Order dropped sprigs of evergreen on the casket; the Quartette sang sweetly, "Thy Will be Done;" and the ceremonials were brought to a close with a prayer and benediction by the Chaplain. All that remained of WILLIAM C. RALSTON was deposited in the vault adjoining that of his brother. Slowly the vast throng returned to the city, having paid the last mark of respect to the dead.

AT THE CHURCHES.

EXTRACT FROM SERMON OF REV. W. H. PLATT, AT GRACE CHURCH.

This is the hour for mourning, and not criticism. In the unburied coffin are the crushed hearts of thousands.

He who, but a few days ago, walked these streets in all the pride of place, is now silent in death. The fearful panic itself stood appalled in the presence of the Dark Shadow. The hour belonged to Eternity. The vaults closed upon the unsought gold, as another vault in the Banking House of the dead opened to await the form of the great President. Thus closed forever, on earth, the career of one of the most remarkable men that ever lived in this marvelous country. All men here seem to accord to him unsurpassed ability as a banker. Indeed, he is no less distinguished abroad than at home. His sagacity seemed far-reaching, his combinations quick and wonderful, his decisions prompt and abiding. His mental processes were like flashes of lightning. For many years his prodigious abilities failed not. Health,

brain, means, seemed to be supreme and inexhaustible. It was believed that no cords could imprison him, and no difficulties entangle or impede him. He seemed to embody all elements of success. Bankers already have their judgment of his failure. The mass of people only know that, within two days, the great bank is closed—its great President dead. Commercial alarm has become calm; and astonishment, and solemnity, and sorrow hush every heart. The earnest pain of every countenance seems to inquire, "can all this be real?" Wm. C. Ralston was the life of so many enterprises, the magnetism of so many hopes, the guide in so many perplexities, that the public and individuals, like a whole forest scathed by the lightning, stand in blasted isolation. Mourners indeed go about the streets. Strong men bow their heads, and all are in tears.

Why is this? Why is there such unanimous sorrow? Why do flags flutter low along their staffs? Why does manhood wail and the step of trade pause? A man of great public spirit is gone! How many thousand wheels did he not put turning? How many looms did he not put to weaving? How many mines did he not develop? How many banks did he not help? How many troubles did he not alleviate; and how many poor did he not befriend? If it be said that this was easy with funds not his own, no one will deny that his own fortune was immmense, and his power of accumulation incredible. A strong head seemed all sufficient for the beneficence of a great heart. His kindness to others, the generous help to all, at all deserving it, his lavish hospitality, his kindly confidence in his fellow-man—these were his happiness; these were the sanctities of his life. He broke down under the vast expansion of his imperial enterprises. His plans became impossible to any one man. Not generosity, but impossibilities, mocked, baffled and defied his great abilities.

He welcomed all strangers as if they were the guests of the State. He took young men by the hand as if they were his brothers. He encouraged, advanced and sustained hundreds, if not thousands. He has put millions in other men's pockets, and yet himself died penniless. What was it in him that should make his life a subject of approval in a Christian pulpit? Not because he was a professor of religion, though he gave immensely to it of his means. The inspiration of these comments was in his princely humanities. Behind the veil, I leave him with his God. In the next world, nothing should make us happier than to meet one who helped us in this. And such, in an exceptionally large sense, was Wm. C. Ralston. He had a right to great affection, for he had great generosity.

How sweetly Leigh Hunt expresses the present feelings of this community:

"Abou Ben Adhem, (may his tribe increase,)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lilly in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said:
'What writest thou? The vision raised its head,
And with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered: 'The names of those who love the Lord.'
'And is mine one,' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,

But cheery still, and said: 'I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves my fellow men.'
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, and with a great waking light,
And showed the names of those whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

FROM THE SERMON OF REV. T. K. NOBLE, PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

For here was a fellow-citizen of ours, who for years has identified himself fully with every move tending to develop the resources of our city and of our commonwealth. The aim of his life was not to pull down, but to build up. What great enterprise can you mention, looking to the betterment of our material interests, in which he did not have part? In the building of railroads; in the establishment of lines of steamships to Australia, to China, to Japan; in the manufacture of silk; in the Pacific Woollen Mills; the Bay Sugar Refinery; in the West Coast Furniture Manufactory; in the Cornell Watch Manufactory; in the Grand Hotel; the Palace Hotel; and in many other great enterprises which I cannot pause to mention? Into each and all of these he put his money and his brains. With a mind keen, alert, sagacious and intuitional; with irrepressible energy, with indomitable will, and with marvelous industry, he launched his ventures on a broad scale, and the greater the difficulties the more he gloried in them. A few months ago, when my old friend, General Brisbin—a man of large experience and broad culture, and a close observer of men—was on this Coast in behalf of the Kansas sufferers he was asked this question: "General, what has most impressed you in this our young commonwealth?" Without a moment's hesitation he replied, "WILLIAM C. RALSTON."

For years he had spent his money with a liberal hand; he lived like a prince; he entertained like a king; but, on Friday last, he was sitting by his golden throne, with bowed head—dethroned, but kingly still. "I am not given to boasting," he said, "but let me retain this throne, and I pledge you my word that not a dollar shall be lost by a single creditor." His request was refused—wisely, or unwisely, I am not competent to decide; and what then? Did he give utterance to bitterness, or animosity? On the contrary, he calmly resigned his trust, and then made over his entire possessions for the benefit of these creditors—his railroad interests, his manufacturing interests, his palatial home in Belmont, his houses in the city, and even his horses and carriages were surrendered, and surrendered without a murmur; and gathering up a few souvenirs of the past, he went out of his home penniless, to begin life anew. To my thinking, this was the grandest act of his singularly successful life.

In the quaint language of our Holy Scriptures, "the battle had gone sore against him, the archers had hit him and he was sore wounded." To a friend of mine he said, last Thursday night, "no man knows what I have suffered in the past few months," but he uttered no complaint. Having resigned control of the great institution he had created, making over to his creditors the entire proceeds of a lifetime of almost unprecedented industry, and having thus done all that mortal man could do to save his fellow men from loss,

he goes to refresh his weary body and jaded mind in God's great sea. What thoughts he had, as, buffeting in the billows, he swam far out into the treacherous waters, is known only to his Maker; for when the sun went down he was lying cold in death, his troubles over, his work done. Into the private life of this many-sided man, I shall not enter at all. This is no time for a cool dissection of his character. What were his weaknesses, and faults, and defects, it is not for me to say, nor do I presume to pass judgment upon the motives which induced him to give himself so indefatigably to the work of his life. I speak only of his achievements which I behold all about me, bearing their mute testimony to his consummate abilities, his unwearied industry.

FROM REV. DR. STONE'S SERMON, FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Text "The Times." Alluding to MR. RALSTON, he said:

The lessons of Providence have been swaying our city for the past week. It has been a time of trouble and disaster. If, now, we look over the somewhat clear field, and see what arises, and what has been swept away, we will see, distinctly, first recommended, the lesson of patience in time of trouble, between men in their earthly relations. In our social and domestic relations, patience and forbearance are marked characters. But it is not so, generally, in business relations. "Business is business," is the motto with us, and the man who is cordial, and kind, and forbearing, at his own hearthstone, and who cordially grasps the hand of his neighbor at the social party or gathering, is often a changed man when he goes down town. He is not to be found yielding then; no forbearance nor patience then; "Business is business." But, thank God, the business men of San Francisco have buried that motto out of sight, as has been shown lately in these troubled times. If San Francisco should be swallowed up to-day; if never again she should attempt any great enterprise; the generosity displayed during these past few days would go down to posterity in epic song. If every man should act like that one mentioned in the Gospel—seize his creditor by the throat, and say, "You must pay; I will not await your convenience"—what a stagnation, what a ruinous crisis there would be in commercial quarters all the world over. May patience and forbearance live in our hearts, and in the hearts of our posterity, so long as the waters of San Francisco Bay shall dash on the shores of this peninsula.

Another lesson it has taught is hopefulness. Men of hope are the men of enterprise. One strong hopeful spirit sustains a whole community and preserves it from the jaws of ruin. Despair never undertakes a stroke; it is only the supreme rally of fainting hope, and eventually accomplishes nothing. The father of his country exemplified this. Hope shone on him like a pillar of fire when all the other lights had gone out.

There is another lesson that ought to be learned from the times, and that is a regard for the sacredness of character. The most pertinacious and cruel personalities have been spread through our city within the past month or so. If a stranger should draw his conclusions from the papers which he reads, he

would be forced to believe that there is not one scintilla of truth, of honor, of morality, of incorruptibility here. He would say to himself, "Why should I be single? Why should I be an exception, and remain honest, and truthful, and scrupulous?" In fact, this disregard for the sacredness of character debauches the whole public mind. Every man ought to repent before his God, who has heard all these personalities and has not rebuked or tried to prevent them. In the interest of the body politic, and of society in general, it is all well to examine and pry into the characters of individuals to whom they are to be intrusted. But let charity be foremost when we pass judgment. Let not personal prejudice, or a hateful, rancorous spirit actuate us. Why, even in the lowest Courts of the land, the vilest and most notorious criminals are considered innocent until proven not to be so; and should not all the generous assumptions of justice and right be granted to men in standing when their trial comes? There is a kind of stealing far more than the stealing of money; it is the stealing of reputation. As Shakspeare says:

> "Who steals my purse, steals trash:—'tis something, nothing:—
> 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands:
> But he that filches from me my good name,
> Robs me of that which not enriches him,
> And makes me poor indeed."

Dr. Stone said, in his concluding remarks, that he had been in San Francisco for ten years, and had always had near his heart the welfare of our charitable institutions. During these years, he had known the one whose memory filled the hearts of his hearers.

He would say, to the merit of one who is now no more, one whose loss has called down a gloom of sorrow over the city that will not soon wear away, that never did he (Dr. Stone) call on him in vain. He always returned with some generous gift. "Come again if you need more," were always his parting words. He would never believe that such a noble, generous spirit meant wrong until evidence incontrovertible shall show it to be so.

It is a notable circumstance that the reverend Doctor's remarks excited frequent bursts of applause.

FROM SERMON OF DR. REXFORD AT FIRST UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

So interwoven was he in this network of financial and political interests, that it is hardly possible to separate him from that general struggle, in the progress of which he disappeared. We emerge from the strife, however, and we note his absence from the controlling forces of this western enterprise, with profound regret. His life had been devoted to the task of solving the problem of financial and industrial prosperity for the State; and the magnificent tribute to his memory, bestowed by the whole city, on the day of his burial, tells what place he held in the sympathies of the people, and tells also with equal certainty that the money question is the controlling question with the people still. Had he been a great educator, he had secured no such tribute; had he been a scientist ever so distinguished, a religionist of ever so transcendent virtues, there would have been no such outpouring of the people, for the reason that the people at large are not yet so generally inter-

ested in these provinces. Agassiz's funeral honors were bestowed by the comparative few; Charles Kingsley's death was bitterly mourned by a large company of friends and admirers, scattered through many lands, but the immediate attendants upon his funeral obsequies were not a multitude; and Stuart Mill went to his grave almost alone. The regions where these men walked were not thronged by the mass, but the field in which MR. RALSTON toiled is besieged by the multitude. He labored where the mass is still expending its greatest energies, and, accordingly, there were numerous and strong sympathies between him and the people. What he has been to the industries of this and adjoining States, you all know far better, and more thoroughly, than I can tell you. He has been one of the strong men in this company of strong men. His hand has been one of the readiest hands, his mind one of the most daring minds, his heart one of the most generous in this busy, daring, and generous land. The enterprises which he inaugurated are numerous, and the enterprises he has befriended in their trying days are more numerous still; while the individual and charitable necessities he has relieved, are a great multitude.

He has been a friend to the State by his encouragement of home industry. He has been the leading spirit in the establishment of a number of our leading manufactories, and by thus building up home industry he has not only given employment to the laboring classes, but he has also provided the people with necessities which formerly they were obliged to import from abroad. In this way, many a current which formerly bore our wealth away was reversed, and the money remained at home. As a projector of bold schemes he was incomparable, almost to recklessness. His hospitality had far more than a local reputation. It was munificent to the very limit of prodigality, and in many respects not to be commended. It bore no relation —it could bear no relation—to the hospitality of ordinary men. Unlimited extravagance is compatible only with unlimited wealth, and though many men among us see the end of their riches a long way off, yet the end is somewhere to be found.

As a friend, he was kind-hearted. He was willing to lend a hand to all worthy efforts, and many a man in this city, and elsewhere, could tell of the assistance which he rendered in critical days; men who, by his generosity and encouragement, were put upon their feet, on the road that has led them to fortune.

Eulogies of MR. RALSTON were pronounced from the pulpits of other churches, and we regret we have not printed copies from which to make extracts. Suffice it to say that the entire clergy of San Francisco are in full sympathy with the people.

THE GREAT MEETING.

During the past five days, a simple notice, in heavy, sombre black, has been published in the daily papers as an advertisement. It contained only a few words, as follows:

MEETING.

All the friends of the late William C. Ralston, are requested to meet at Union Hall, this evening, September 8, 1875, at eight o'clock.

Until yesterday, there was no mention of the objects of the meeting, in any of the daily papers, excepting a premonitory expression of fear in one of the morning papers. The invitation to the public was a voice from the people. The response to the invitation, and the unanimity of sentiment exhibited by all, were the proofs of the profoundest feelings of the people, which demanded opportunity for expression. The eulogies of RALSTON, and the denunciation of his defamers, seemed to be not merely the production of the speakers, but the spontaneous outflow of the hearts and brains of all assembled. We never saw such a unanimous outburst of public sentiment before; we doubt if we shall ever see its like again.

We refer our readers to the orations which we publish, as the true reflections of the sentiment of the meeting. The multitude commenced pouring into the hall at 7 o'clock. At twenty minutes before the appointed time, the hall was packed in every part. All the seats and benches on the main floor had been removed, so as to afford standing room for the greatest possible number. The galleries were crowded with ladies and their escorts to their utmost capacity. At least eight thousand people were inside the hall.

The outpouring of people was such that, not being able to obtain standing room in the hall, crowds massed around the stands erected upon the street. The principal stand was in front of the hall, and soon was surrounded by about seven thousand people. Around the stand near the corner of Third street, we estimated the number of people to be five thousand. The sea of faces extended outward from the stands as far as the voices of the speakers could

be heard. We cannot estimate the number of persons who tried to get near the speakers, and departed because they could not succeed in doing so. Our estimate, carefully made, was that twenty thousand people listened and responded to the eulogies of the evening within hearing of the various speakers. Upon the stand in the Hall, were, seated and standing, about two hundred persons, among whom were the officers of the meeting, members of the press, and many prominent citizens.

At the front of the stand, on either side of the center, were two very large colored photographs of MR. RALSTON. The features of the mourned one could be distinguished beyond the center of the Hall by the closely-packed multitude.

The meeting in the hall was called to order by Mr. John W. Taylor, one of our prominent merchants. Mr. George W. Smiley, one of our leading brokers, was called upon to preside, and, after a brief address, read the following list of Vice-Presidents who were elected by acclamation:

Geo. W. Barstow,	E. P. Peckham,	A. H. Rose,
Dr. J. C Shorb,	Alex. G. Abell,	Henry L. King,
Gen. John Hewston,	Jno. W. Dwinelle,	H. B. Tichenor,
Seixas Solomons,	E. J. Baldwin,	J. C. L. Wadsworth,
Geo. W. Smiley,	W. F. Babcock,	J. Rosenfeld,
Chas. E. Bowen,	H. M. Newhall,	J. R. Keene,
P. M. Bowen,	P. M. Brereton,	John W. Taylor,
Henry F. Williams,	A. M. Ebbets,	Thomas Price,
J. R. Patridge,	Jno. P. Shine,	R. P. Kelly,
E. J. Pillsbury,	R. L. Ogden,	J. K. Prior,
J. C. Smith,	Ed. Bosqui,	S. Heydenfeldt,
David Farquharson,	B. P. Bruner,	Maurice D ɔre,
Wm. Moyle,	Dr. Thomas Bennett,	Samuel L. Theller,
Peter Taylor,	H. P. Wakelee,	Dr. A. B. Stout,
Charles Steiger,	Rev. Horatio Stebbins,	Rev. John Hemphill,
Coll Dean,	A. J. Bryant,	A. J. Moulder,
Louis Sloss,	Wm. T. Coleman,	Geo R. B. Hayes,
Charles Clayton,	Henry T. Scott,	D. D. Colton,
E. L. Benedict,	Irving M. Scott,	James Linforth,
Samuel Lachman,	I. Friedlander,	S. L. Jones,
A. Lachman,	George S. Dodge,	R. C. Rogers,
Wm. O. M. Berry,	Christian Reis,	D A. Macdonald,
H. Burr Howell,	Alfred A. Cohen,	A. W. Scott,
George P. Adair,	S. P. Dewey,	Wm. M. Lent,
P. B. Horton,	H. A. Cobb,	Geo. P. Kimball,
J. R. Sims,	Wm. Ford,	D. McLennan,
E. K. Howes,	Peter Donahue,	B. H Freeman,
H. H. Blake,	Wm H. Rulofson,	George Schutze,
Jacob Deeth,	A. W. Von Schmidt,	H. J. McLerie,
Edward Nunan,	A. B. Forbes,	John P. Gaynor.
Rev. A. L. Stone,		

Prayer was then offered by Rev. W. H. Platt:—"Direct us, Almighty Father, in all our doings, with Thy most gracious favor, and further us with

Thy continued help, that in all our works begun, continued and ended in Thee, we may glorify Thy holy name. Give us a right judgment in all things. Help us to think, and say, and do, such things as are right; allay in us all error, pride and prejudice; and so overrule all things that this whole community may be blessed; Thy name glorified, and Thy cause advanced in the world. All which we ask through Jesus Christ our Lord. Bless the fatherless and comfort the widow, and direct and rule our hearts in all things, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

Oration of Col. W. H. L. Barnes.

Mr. President and Fellow Citizens: This vast assemblage which represents but a small portion of those of your number who have gathered here to-night, has met for a double purpose. We have come together, that we may express the sentiment of deep and sincere regret which fills the heart of every honest man that William C. Ralston has gone forever to the City of Silence. We meet to show the world, not that this is a mob of angry and passionate men, urged by vindictive passion to avenge the wrongs under which he has suffered, living and dead; but to say in solemn assembly and council, what we know he was, what we believe in his heart he meant to be, and to declare to the world that has received such false and wicked impressions of him—that the citizens of San Francisco are actuated by the common principles of honor, and the exterior decencies of civilized life.

What he was in his relations to the public, each one of us knows. There is not a single material or prominent industry of San Francisco that does not owe to the inspiration of his genius, the energy of his will, the profound faith that he had in her capacities, its very existence. There does not rise, to-day, over the city, a single tall chimney throwing out the fires lighted from beneath, where industry and labor and capital are working together to make your city and your State great, prosperous, and happy, that the spirit of Wm. C. Ralston has not been there from the beginning. [Applause.] From the mills at the Mission Dolores to the Lead Works standing near the spot where he met his unfortunate death; from Kimball's Factory, at the most southern point of the city, to the ultimate stand of labor within your limits, what is there that this man has not labored for; that he did not inspire; that he did not spend his life, and energy, and wealth, to establish?

How many families have been nurtured and cared for by the thoughts, and the conceptions of this man's mind? How many have been fed and protected by the industries which he has developed? Who shall answer? Who shall fully demonstrate, in the future growth of this city, what this one

solitary man, this single citizen, has accomplished—who never sought a public favor during the whole of the time of his life among you; who never undertook (and I speak, who know it,) to dabble in the pool of politics; who never undertook to do a single public or private act in respect to public affairs, or the public welfare, not for the public good. [Long and continuous applause.] Now, they say, he sought to rob the city. When it is asserted that, from his earliest coming here, he was engaged in plundering the city, our answer is—the public's answer to the world, will be—"His record is in the monuments of public industry and private enterprise that sparkle and blaze all over your city, which, but for him, so far as human knowledge goes, as far as human eyes can see, would never have had a solitary moment's life. [Applause.] He never sought anything from the city or State; the stream of public beneficence never flowed in towards him. He was a man without selfish ambition—a man of the people, who, though he spent his vast wealth for your sakes; who, though he entertained like a Prince with a boundless munificence, like the stream that rises in the mountain, flowing ever on, deepening and widening; yet not one drop of that generous stream which he shed upon all of us, ever came back to him. He was a giver. He was a bounteous giver, prodigal if you please, wasteful if you please, but he gave. He was no hoarder of money; he was no miser; he was no public or private usurer. He gave. From the first hour that he came, and until the last hour of his life, he was giving. [Applause]

The Eastern papers teem, to-day, with wild and wicked stories of him. No man who knew him but knew that, in the generosity of his life, it was all for others, and none for himself Simple in his tastes, abstemious in his habits; quiet, moderate, gentle, courteous,—no living soul ever saw him depart from the course of a true gentleman, or spend upon himself what he could give to others. [Applause.]

That is his record as a public man It was said on the day when the whole city turned out to bear his poor, sad, white remains to Lone Mountain; when the hands which toiled so often for every one who came within their reach, were crossed in everlasting rest upon his breast; when those feet, that had traveled so many weary journeys for the good of the people of this State, and in the performance of acts of private beneficence which cannot be numbered any more than the sands of the sea; when that great heart which never beat, save with but a generous and kindly impulse, was stilled forever; when those eyes, that had so often looked in kindness and generosity upon his friends and his fellow citizens, were dimmed in death; when those lips, that had never spoken, to my knowledge, an angry or wicked word of any human being, were forever hushed in the silence of the grave; when he could not speak to answer for himself: when all that might have been explained was kept until he was dead and gone forever;—it was said that he was engaged in "Garrison's schemes" in this city. Why, fellow citizens, whatever there was in the Commodore's political schemes, I don't know, and don't care. William C. Ralston was not in the State of California when they occured, whatever they were. [Applause]

It was said that he was underneath the De Haro claim. Well, that was simply an assertion. Now I undertake to assert on the authority of those

who were interested in that land claim, that he had no connection with, or property in it, and it is very doubtful whether he ever knew that there was such a thing as the De Haro claim. [Applause.]

It was said that he fostered the claims of John B. Felton to the United States Senate because he wanted him as an attorney to represent the De Haro claim. I happen to know that he resisted to the uttermost, from the first, the claims of John B. Felton to the United States Senate, and never befriended him, politically, for one single hour.—[Applause.]

It was said that he was responsible for what is known as the diamond swindle. Gentlemen, I have something to say on that subject. In the course of professional business, it became my duty to prepare the preliminary papers for the organization of the Diamond Company. I know what MR. RALSTON thought, and what he felt. I know that in his confidence in the report of one of the most distinguished scientific mining engineers of this country, or any other, which declared that to be a genuine and most astonishing discovery, he put his money in it. If he ever said one word in its favor to a friend, or anybody invested therein through his influence; when the fraud that was perpetrated upon every man concerned in the company had been disclosed, and made known to the world, what did he do? What did he do? this man who undertood to rob the public with the diamond swindle? He gave them back their money out of his own pocket, [applause] and it cost him over $300,000. But he paid it without a murmur or a quiver. [Applause.] And that record, like every other of the man's life of which I ever heard, instead of containing a single spark of dishonor, is but another tribute to the honesty and the integrity of his life, and his willingness to suffer to the last dollar, and the last drop, rather than any man should look him in the face and say, "I suffered through you." [Applause.]

Why, fellow citizens, when the stock of the Diamond Company was ready to be issued, what did Ralston do? Did he put it out upon the public? Did he ask you, and you, and you, and you, to subscribe? Did he give you a chance to come in at bed-rock prices, and swindle you finally? He took the stock of that company and locked it up. Not one solitary share was ever issued; not one attempt was ever made to float it on the public; but he locked it up and declared he would keep it locked up until its truth was proved beyond a peradventure. And so it was, by and through him, and him alone, that those who believed in that alleged discovery were not made the innocent causes of suffering, and destruction. [Applause.]

There is no well-founded accusation against him. It was said, falsely said, that he was a defaulter to the Bank of California. Now, gentlemen, that is not so. It has never been responsibly asserted. [Applause.] If I understand the meaning of the term, as we use it in connection with such an institution, it means one who feloniously secretes and absorbs to his own benefit, the moneys that are intrusted to him. Is there any man who will say that of William C. Ralston?

Voices from the audience—No, no, no.

Mr Barnes (continuing)—Of his enormous fortune, it all went to the public. The alleged defalcations simply are indebtedness to the bank of which he was President, which his estate is believed to be ample to meet.

How were they sustained? Who got the benefit of it?

A Voice—The people.

There is not a laboring man, there is not a mechanic, there is not a citizen, of San Francisco, that has not reaped the benefit of those loans. [Applause.] What if the capital of the Bank of California was impaired by loans to the Mission Woolen Mills? It has made an institution that is the pride of the city and State, and is worth, to-day, more than a million dollars over and above every cent it owes to the Bank of California. Your factories and your places of public industry—the sources from which your best class of artisans, your skilled mechanics, get their living and support their families—have been taken care of by this capital of the Bank of California. And I think it is a great deal better to have it in that shape than to have it in Yellow Jacket and Savage. [Applause.] They said there is an over-issue of the stock of the Bank of California. Gentlemen, I say here now, that if there ever was an unmitigated good old-fashioned American lie, it is that. [Great Applause.] I was going to say how long it was since that melancholy day when the Bank of California temporarily clos'd its doors. I don't remember. It seems, as I stand before you, as though it was one hundred years of waiting, of suffering and anxiety. But ever since that day, while the affairs of the bank have been investigated, its books have lain open upon the desks for every human being to see—the world, the stockholders, the creditors, and the newspaper reporters. Everybody has had a chance to have his see, and to have his say; and to this hour, though the story has been bruited abroad—like that other infamous falsehood, that the securities of the bank had been tampered with—not one single share of that stock has been found to be over-issued, and there is not a particle of evidence that it ever was done. [Applause.] You may well suppose, and it is easy to see how, in that moment of confusion, with that blow of disaster falling unexpected as it did upon everybody on the street, and those connected with the institution, a thousand fears would have been expressed, a thousand minds excited, until a suggestion of a possibility, made in confidence by an officer of that bank, might have been made, and afterward asserted as a fact, which he could not procure the retraction of, though he had begged it upon his knees. [Applause.] It was a disastrous day when the Bank of California suspended; it was a day of sorrow and dismay when that man, whom we knew so well, whose face and form were so familiar to so many of us, met that sudden and terrible death at North Beach. But, when the full history of this time comes to be written; when this bank commences anew its honorable career—not like others that might be named, which closed their doors forever, leaving stockholders, depositors and creditors to wander around like shades through hell, forever unpaid, and forever unsatisfied—it will be found that the Bank of California stands on a stronger and more hopeful basis than at any time since the first opening of its doors [applause]; with assets in excess of its liabilities (well in excess of them); with a guarantee fund mounting every day; not merely subscribed by those interested in the Bank, but by those who had no interest except in the memory and love they had for the man who was its head, and for the reputation and character of the State; a guarantee fund

amounting to ten million of dollars, to resume and become as safe and sound a financial institution as the sun ever shone on. [Applause.]

What shall I say of him as a friend? Whoever knew him but found in him a loyal, faithful, honest-hearted, tender, sympathizing, self-sacrificing friend. It made no difference what your trouble was,—monetary, or personal,—whatever it was, you could take him when the financial tide was surging and sweeping about him, and he could strip himself of all his own cares and anxieties, and sit down and hear what you had to say, and set himself to work with that resistless energy of his, to bear you safely through. No poor man ever went to him and received an unkind word. No defenseless woman, no little child ever begged of him, but found his pocket as free as his advice. None ever spoke to that man and had him put them through all the phases of their misery before he relieved them. He gave everywhere, to everybody. And if a little child wanted a place to work, and went to him, he would lay aside his business and go with it in hand until he found something for it to do. [Applause.] Everywhere, with everybody, he was generous, kindly, considerate. He never cringed to a rich man, and he never turned his back upon a poor one. [Applause.] His proudest boast was that he was a man of the people; that his father was a carpenter; that he learned his trade; and I remember—and it only occurs to me at this moment—that when, a couple of years ago, I was discussing before the public that question, "What shall we do with our boys?" he said that if a trade school could be started here for these untrained, uneducated boys, he would give, $100,000 to start it. And it was through his influence, and through his persuasions toward those who were most near him, that James Lick made that munificent provision, which still exists, for the establishment in San Francisco of a great trade-school for boys. However you look at him, in whatever he did, whatever he attempted to do, he never, never—and God, who hears the assertion, knows its truth—acted from a selfish, base, or ignoble motive. [Applause] When shall we see his like again? When will this nation ever see a man like him, who lived uplifted, honored, surrounded with adulators, breathed upon by the breath of flattery, who never was touched, or stung, or moved by it in the least? A man who had no thought for himself; a man who gave to everybody; a man who sacrificed himself whenever sacrifice was needed; who, when disaster came upon him and his institution, never sought to steal away one dollar for himself, but emerged from that bank homeless, houseless, penniless, with nothing before him but the world and his energy; a family that he loved as he loved his life, standing like himself, alone, the inmates of the house of a friend; money, wealth, station, everything gone but that indomitable energy and will of his which feared not the face of clay? If God had spared his life, he would have been in the future as his memory is to-day, the typical representative of California energy, and will, and power; and he would have been to-day, as he is to-night, more glorious in his defeat than any other living citizen in the proudest victory that ever came upon him. [Great applause.]

This generation, this city, this State, the whole United States, have never yet produced a private citizen whom so many men loved, and for

whose death so many honestly and sincerely grieved. [Applause.] And it is for you, and for those who are without the walls of this building, thronging and crowding the street in front of it—it is for you, to-night, to say what your feelings toward him are, as a citizen and a man; what your sympathy is with his family; what your view is of the press, of the spirit which, whether the facts asserted be true or not, upon the day on which we bore him to his final resting place and laid him away to sleep, and came back weary footed, aching hearted, and with streaming eyes, met us in this age of civilization, in this time of supposed Christian principle, with an account of his life and his crimes, every word of which, so far as I have ever heard the man spoken of since then, was an unutterable and unmitigated falsehood. I have seen it often prejudiced, often bitter, often scathing in its denunciation of men and principles, but I believe it was actuated by an honest love of the right. I have stood in the Courts of justice and fought the battles of that sheet in this city and other parts of the State, and spoken for the liberty of the Press. That day, fellow citizens, has gone forever, [applause] and I can only look with an emotion, partly of pity and partly of abhorrence, upon the pen that could write, and the mind that could dictate, and the will that could put upon paper with type, an attack of such a character, at such a time. I believe that while a man lives, the press has a right to criticise him. I believe that it has the right, if it thinks a man is engaged in any public or private operation that needs criticism, to criticise it; but I know that when he lies helpless and silent in his grave, that there should, at least, be a truce long enough to let his friends bury him away out of their sight. [Loud and prolonged applause.] Soldiers upon the battle field will give their enemies a chance to bury the dead; savages will give an opportunity to each other to pick up the brown body of the warrior and draw the poisoned arrows from his thousand bleeding veins, and give him savage sepulchre, with his bow and his arrows, and place him away in the rest remaining for the savage. It is for the Christianity and the civilization of this great city, to say whether we shall go back of barbarism, go back of civilization, and refuse of the widow an opportunity to put her husband's body in the grave, and little children a moment's hope, that their father was beloved by his fellow men, for whose good he had taken all from them and given it, like Cæsar, to the people. [Applause.] Not an hour, not a moment of truce was given. It had to be done to serve the purposes of an election. Well, I think it did. [Applause.]

Major Smiley well said that there was, at one time in the breasts of the people of California, a certain rude, heroic sense of justice which prompted them to wreak, upon the spot, such vengeance as they thought the occasion demanded, but that we live in a different time, and for a higher and nobler purpose. The people of San Francisco, when they speak to-night, will make their calm, dignified, manly protest to the world. No act of violence, no evil thoughts shall live in our hearts, in the presence of the dead. We come to speak of him; to say to all mankind that, notwithstanding the falsehoods which have gone forth, sown on the winds like falling leaves in Autumn, not one solitary shadow of a shade rests upon that man's memory, in the hearts of the people of San Francisco. [Applause.] That is what this meeting

is for; that is what we are all here for, and when we go to our homes, when we bear away the memory of this meeting, it will have mingled with it nothing that is unworthy the occasion; nothing that is unworthy the citizen and the man and the friend we have lost. Let us act as befits men who feel that they are speaking, not to themselves, but to civilization. [Loud and continued applause.]

Oration of Hon. Thos. Fitch.

Mr. Chairman, and Fellow-citizens of San Francisco:—With you, I have listened with unspeakable satisfaction to the vindication of my friend. Justice has been done by Col. Barnes [applause] to the dead Let justice be also done to those who now cower and tremble beneath the uplifted lash of righteous public indignation. [Loud applause.] The purposes of this vast assemblage will not be accomplished by mortuary eloquence, however compact in statement, however perfect in logic, however genuine in feeling. We owe it to the memory of California's foremost citizen; we owe it to the widow and the fatherless, whose mute appealing grief would move the stoniest hearts; we owe it to the thousands of men and women whose lives have been made vernal by the affluent rivers of enterprise that were turned and poured upon the land by this man, now dead; we owe it to the City and State pride that has been insulted; we owe it to the sense of public justice that has been outraged; we owe it to the violated laws of decency, and the assaulted instincts of human nature, to express here, and now, as directly and as strongly as language can express it, our general and unanimous contempt and abhorrence of the cold-blooded, cowardly, treacherous, malignant scoundrels who hounded William C. Ralston to death!

Voice—Say that again.

What part of human speech can fitly eulogise the man we have lost? What brush of artist, or pen of dramatist can depict the benefactions of his generous life, and the tragedy of his heroic death? His deeds speak for him in tones that sound like the blare of trumpets; his monuments rise from every rood of ground in your city. His eulogy is written on ten thousand hearts; Commerce commemorates his deeds with her whitening sails and her laden wharves; Philanthropy chimes the bells of all public charities in attestation of his liberality; Patriotism sings peans for him who, in the hour of the nation's struggle, sent the ringing gold of mercy to chime with the flashing steel of valor [Applause] Unnumbered deeds of private generosity attest his secret charities; Sorrow has found solace in his deeds; Despair has been lifted into hope by his bounty; there are charities whose heaven-kissing spires chronicle his donations to the cause of religion; Schools

claim him as their patron ; Hospitals own him as their benefactor. Art has found in him a supporter ; Science leaned on him while her vision swept the infinite ; the feet of progress have been sandalled with his silver. He has upheld invention while she wrestled with the dead forces of nature. He was the life of all enterprise, the vigor of all progress, the epitome and representative of all that is broadening, and expansive, and uplifting, in the life of California. [Applause.] Would you show honor and hospitality to travelers renowned in letters, arts or arms ?—RALSTON was the princely host. Did you wish to forward a public or a private charity ?—RALSTON headed the subscription list. Would you develop a new industry, to enlarge the resources of the city, start a new manufacture, add wealth to the State, and furnish hundreds of husbands and fathers with contented and well paid toil ?—you went to Ralston for advice and assistance. He impressed you with his power ; he infused you with his energy ; he touched you with his princely generosity ; he conquered you with his magnetism. His vitality was like the flash of steel ; his enduring energy was like the steady and swift flow of a cataract ; his beneficence was like the copious and searching philanthropy of the Summer rain. [Applause.] Of all her public possessions, the commonwealth of California never owned anything more valuable than this man's life [Applause.] Of all her public disasters, she has had none greater than his death. [Applause] Of all her shrines, there should be none more sacred from desecration than his memory. [Applause.]

And the people of California will be false to every impulse of justice and manly honor, if they allow the hounds of treachery, cruelty, and falsehood, who ran hot upon his trail, while living, to now lay their slanders upon his new-made grave. [Applause and cries of "Never!"] I say with you, "Never!" Rather let every honest hand grasp a whip to scourge these merciless dogs into their dens—into the editorial rooms of the San Francisco *Bulletin* and *Call*. [Applause.]

I say, my fellow-citizens, that WILLIAM C. RALSTON was stung to death by the blood-sucking vermin of the press. I am not here to question the verdict of the Coroner's jury; but even if MR. RALSTON had wrought his own destruction; if, denuded of all earthly possessions; if, bereft of house and home ; wounded in spirit and shorn of hope, his great heart left the earth and sought the swift current that should carry his life out through the Golden Gate of death into the peaceful ocean whose shores are the confines of Eternity ; if *this* had been so. who shall gainsay his right, or question his decision ? [Applause.]

Of all his vast possessions he retained nothing, not even a winding sheet. He went out of the world as he came into it. He left everything to his creditors—his creditors! do I say ? What man so presumptuous as to call WM. C. RALSTON his debtor? [Applause.] The people of California, collectively, owe him more than enough to offset his liabilities, and the balance to his credit in the Eternal Ledger is large enough to acquit him of all the errors of a princely life. [Applause.]

We have heard something to-night of a guarantee fund to enable the Bank of California to resume business. Many of our honored and wealthy citizens have, as your previous speaker has told you, evinced a commendable and

liberal public spirit in contributing to that fund. Notably, has a Senator from your neighboring State of Nevada endeared himself to a hundred thousand hearts by stripping the cloak from his own shoulders to walk backward with it to cover the body of his friend. [Applause.]

I do not doubt that the guarantee fund will be filled with ringing dollars and the great Bank will go on. But where shall *our* guarantee fund be found? Who shall make up to *us* the loss of our benefactor and our friend? Who shall guarantee the generous and the great-hearted against the viperous assaults of an infamous newspaper? Who can hope to escape after RALSTON? [Applause.] A star has been dimmed and quenched by the tireless splatter of the slums. [Applause.] The king of all the animals has been slain by the leper of all the reptiles. [Applause.]

The life of WILLIAM C. RALSTON has been taken to gratify the sordidness, the envy, and the malignancy of a couple of base wretches.

My fellow-citizens, I am not here to attempt to cast reproach upon the genius of a free Press. It is the great economical illuminator of all practical human aspects: politics, art, religion, society, morals. It is at once the tribunal of taste and the articulator of thought. It is the hand-maid of enterprise, the fortress of order, the mailed, invincible right arm of freedom. [Applause.]

Like commerce, it gives health and vigor to the life of nations. Like commerce, its sceptre stretches from the shining temples of the Orient to the swimming forests of the Thames. Its shrouds stiffen, and its white sheets fill with the winged gales of Progress—beating foaming paths through conquered waters; dashing, on steeds of fire, along iron ways; harnessing the elements to its chariot; reading the mysteries of the magnet; making a courier of the lightning, and guides of sun and stars;—it courses its way in majesty, in power, and in glory, over a boundless sea of possibilities, and its dominion broadens with every swelling of the tide. [Applause.]

Its many colored fabric is meshed and fashioned in the beneficent loom of cumulative emprisy, and its shifting shuttle marks the pace of the world's advance. But if piratic hands grasp the sceptre, and change it to a murderous cudgel; if its bellied sails are blackened with fumes from hell, and bloated with the charnel house's vapors; if, instead of argosies engaged in fair trade, we have slavers, seeking their cargoes in the fever-haunted jungles of slander—wreckers, lighting false beacons to lure noble ships upon the rocks of confidence—pirates whose decks are slippery with the blood of their victims; if, narrowing the horizon of its opportunities down to spite and hindrance, and slanders foul, and stale, and false, and inhuman, the press becomes the plunderer of the reputation of men, living and dead;—then, even as the nations of the earth combine for the extermination of the outlaws of the sea, so ought communities to combine against the demons of the press. [Great applause.] Have we not such pirates among us? Why, fellow citizens, for twenty years, the San Francisco *Bulletin* has crouched like a bloodless frog upon a stone,—gloating, and croaking, and puking in the face of nature. [Applause.] For twenty years, it has lived on the morbidness of public sentiment, and the depraved appetites of the curious and the envious. It has traduced the living, and defamed the dead. It has never advocated

a measure of public utility; it has never developed an industry; it has never aided a charity; it has never encouraged a public work; it has never put bread into a man's mouth, or hope into a woman's heart. [Applause.] Its life has been sordid and soulless, cruel to all generosity of impulse, and uncompensating to mankind. Its track has been marked with the slum of its slanders, and the blood of its victims. I will not enumerate the great hearts that have gone to their graves, smarting with the sores inflicted by the slanderous arrows of the San Francisco *Bulletin*. You know them as well as I. And I say to-night, in this presence, that the continued existence of this paper is a blot upon the fair name of honorable journalism, and a disgrace to the civilization of San Francisco. [Great applause.]

My fellow-citizens! In the name of him who has gone;—in the name of the gallant heart now powerless in death at Lone Mountain;—in the name of the spirit which broods above us with its presence to-night;—in the name of civilization,—of chivalry;—in the name of all the impulses of the human heart;—in the name of God!—let this be the last man slain by the San Francisco *Bulletin*. [Great and continued applause.] Let us have no violence, no destruction of type or presses, nothing to bring disgrace upon order or law, and nothing to give to the people who own these sheets, an opportunity to make damages out of the city; but let every man in this vast assemblage go forth to-night with a determination never to advertise in, or buy, or read, the accursed sheets. [Prolonged applause.] So we may, legally and safely, accomplish the task of vindicating and avenging the memory of our benefactor. Let us do even as men do with scorpions when they encircle them with fire. Let us environ these journals with the fire of public indignation, and let them die as the scorpion dies—stinging themselves to death. [Great applause.]

Now, at this stage of the proceedings, I am requested to read these resolutions, to which I invite your careful attention; and after they are read they will be put to a vote by the President of this meeting, and we will see how the election will result:

WHEREAS, The citizens of San Francisco have here assembled to declare their solemn sense of the irreparable loss the city has sustained in the untimely death of WILLIAM C. RALSTON; to express their heartfelt sympathy with those bound to him by ties of kindred, in their affliction; and to record, in unmistakable language, their utter condemnation and abhorrence of the savage brutality and cruelty of certain of the daily newspapers of this city, in the course they have unrelentingly pursued toward his name and memory, since his decease; therefore, be it

Resolved, That in reviewing the life of WILLIAM C. RALSTON, deceased, we recognize one of the first citizens of San Francisco, the master spirit of her industrial enterprises, the most bounteous giver to her charities, the founder of her financial credit, and the warm supporter of every public and private effort to augment her prosperity and welfare. That to his sagacity, activity and enterprise, San Francisco owes much of her present material prosperity, and in his death has sustained an irreparable loss. That, in his business conceptions, he was a giant; in social life, an unswerving friend; and in all the attributes of his character, he was a man worthy of love and trust.

Resolved, That the citizens of San Francisco, without distinction of party, caste, or class, in public council, now assembled, tender to the widow and family of our lamented benefactor and friend, our tenderest sympathies for their, and our, great loss.

Resolved, That the course, brutal and unjustifiable attacks of the *Daily Evening Bulletin* and the *Daily Morning Call*, upon the personal character of MR. RALSTON, which did not cease even while his remains were being followed to the grave by his grief-stricken family and friends, merit the severest censure, and we denounce the course of both journals as being in violation of decency; their assertions we brand as infamous libels upon the dead, and we declare that the perpetrators of them have disgraced civilization and humanity everywhere.

Resolved, That with a calm, though profound conviction of the deep importance of our action, we recommend and urge upon our fellow citizens, to withdraw their advertising patronage from, cease their subscriptions to, and no longer sustain or encourage either the San Francisco *Daily Evening Bulletin*, or the *Daily Morning Call*; and by all lawful means to convince the world that the people of this City and State are possessed of the instincts of honor and the decencies of civilized life.

Mr. Fitch concluded the reading of the resolutions, which were received by a storm of applause, and took his seat.

The President put the resolution to the vote of the people. A unanimous "aye," that sounded like an explosion of a park of artillery, testified how thoroughly they were in accordance with the sentiments of all assembled.

The resolutions being adopted, the President declared the meeting adjourned. The immense crowd began to slowly file out of the hall, but many lingered, as if still kept back by the remembrance of the matchless oratory of the speakers.

IN THE STREET.

At the platform, in front of Union Hall, a vast concourse was congregated, which extended from the hall nearly to Fourth street. The street, sidewalks, and windows, were packed. The most decorous order was observed, and the sentiments expressed by the speakers were applauded by the multitude. No less than seven thousand people were gathered in this vicinity, but at the same time orderly and respectful.

The meeting was called to order by Henry F. Williams, Esq., who said:

FELLOW CITIZENS: Those of you who could not gain admittance to the large hall which is now filled to overflowing, will have an opportunity to hear the resolutions which will be acted upon there, and you will also have the pleasure of listening to an address from Dr. Shorb. I ask your careful attention, not only to his remarks, but to the resolutions, which I am sure will embody the sentiments of this vast assembly. It has been made my duty to call this assembly to order; and ordinarily it would be appropriate for the presiding officer to announce the objects and ends of the meeting, but that is unnecessary on this occasion. You all know what has called you together, and the generous promptings of your own hearts have brought you here.

I am sorry to say there are some few people in this community who have tried to make it appear that we had another object than the real one, in calling this meeting. They have stated that it was to incite the masses. You will find that every word said from this platform—every word

said on the platform in that large hall—is just the opposite. I ask you calmly to consider the occasion which has brought us together, and act in accordance with that discretion which we are sure will manifest itself here this evening. I will not detain you any longer, but will ask your attention to Dr Shorb.

Oration of Dr. J. C. Shorb.

Mr. President, and Citizens of San Francisco :—About a quarter of a century ago, from the four winds of Heaven to the extreme western verge of the American continent, there came a throng of brave, mettlesome, adventurous and intelligent men. They came here to the State of California, and to their genius and their liberality—to their wisdom, foresight, energy and industry, California owes her splendid pre-eminence, and her singular prominence in the eyes of the civilized world to-day. Commencing twenty-five or twenty-six years ago, with a few wretched hovels scattered over a sandy and a barren peninsula, they built up this magnificent city which now sits resplendent in her beauty at the golden portals of the ocean, by the shores of the sunset sea—the second commercial metropolis in the American Republic. [Applause.] Foremost amid that throng—conspicuous among those master spirits who early breathed into the infant State of California a vitality, a force, a vigor, a soul of progress which no panic may distress, or disaster destroy,—never to be arrested by the art of man, but crippled by his hate, was the never-to-be-forgotten William C. Ralston. [Applause.]

Philosophical historians frequently attempt to tell us that the time in which men live determines their status in history ; that the time acts upon the heart or soul of man, as the sculptor's hand acts upon the block of unhewn stone, in fashioning into shape, moulding into beauty, bringing into visibility its veins, its lines and colors—in a word, giving life, value, suggestions and instructions. They propose to tell us that there exists in certain cycles of time, in their peculiar retrospection, the inspiration, the exigencie sfor energy,—a certain creative or native power which, acting upon the soul of man, naturally possesses the conditions necessary for the proper acceptance and perfect maturition of such highly exciting influences —irrestibly endowing it with nameless strength, and its achievements with the immortality of historic fame. Such, no doubt, is frequently true. Men are reflections of the times in which they live. But, my friends, every now and then there looms up from the horizon of history, solitary figures, isolated, distinct, and commanding, like volcanic mountains at sea, who photograph themselves upon the age in which they live, giving to it all its brightness

or all its gloom, all its glory or all its fame, all its title deed to immortality or its credentials to oblivion. Of this class of the untrained powerful men—great men, because God makes them great—our lamented friend and benefactor, WILLIAM C. RALSTON, was a conspicuous representative. RALSTON was great in spite of any fate. He owed nothing, absolutely nothing, to his surroundings; he owed nothing to the age in which his lot was cast; he owed nothing to his parentage save the bare fact of his existence; he owed nothing to early education, for this was denied him. I tell you, citizens of San Francisco, he was great when he shoved the jack-plane at his father's bench, in Wellsville, Ohio; he was great when he trod the deck of the river packet on the Mississippi; he was great when he first set foot on the soil of California; he was great when he controlled the finances of the States of California and Nevada; he was great at the zenith of his popularity and successful management; he was great in his life; he was great in his death—in his awful tragical death. And, my friends, his life must remain still obedient to that mighty will which contemplated nothing but what was great when he was consigned to the great cemetery—the wide, the trackless and the fathomless deep—where the chorus of the ocean, the thunder of the billows, and the trumpet-voiced tempest, might chant his grand and everlasting requiem. Floating steadily, silently, alone, toward the ocean, it was written in the eternal book that his body should be rescued—not swept away without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined and unknown. Back to the house of the frantic widow, and stricken orphan children, they bore the lifeless remains of the husband and father. Like light, piercing through darkness; like the spirit of the storm, moaning on the vast deep; the awful intelligence of his sudden death flew wildly and madly through the paralyzed city. Women wrung their hands; strong men grew pale and shuddered in the streets, and through their ashy lips struggled the half articulated question—"can this be true? Almighty God! can this be true that RALSTON is dead?" Each moment spread the fearful certainty, and before the sun went down on that black Friday night, a broken-hearted city mourned the death of its best friend, and noble benefactor Yes, he was gone. Dead, and gone forever. Men with pale faces, faces written all over with grief and horror, gathered around in little groups, or walked silently about, that awful night, speaking in whispers one to the other, asking the solemn question, but getting no reply,—"Who shall take his place?" The busy voice of trade was hushed in the thoroughfares. There were rumors of new tragedies in different portions of the city. Men feared the dawning of the day. There were murmurs of vengeance;—low, muttered threats of violence. There were troops under arms all night long, not knowing what moment a spark would ignite the combustible elements in the heart and soul of a people, whose wrath like the delegated wrath of God, has before this shaken nations to the centre, desolated cities, and made their streets splash and bubble with torrents of human blood. The night, my friends, passed silently away, and the morning broke upon this city, bowed down with grief and saturated with despair. The Bank of California—the pride and glory of San Francisco—in ruins, and its great banker, RALSTON, lying still and cold in death. Ah! citizens of San Francisco! many a sun

shall rise and set—many a year will come and go, ere history shall record another such disastrous day. Twenty-four hours—twenty-four short hours embraced this double tragedy

The whole social fabric felt the fearful shock. The rich man shuddered, whilst the poor man sobbed. Young and old—men, women and children—who scarcely knew the man, mourned at his death, as a grievous domestic calamity. There was a magic about the name of RALSTON, which attracted every caste, and every race, and every condition of society. The people regarded his name with reverence. They looked upon it as a synonym of enterprise and benevolence; a synonym for capital wedded to the true interests and welfare of liberty; a synonym for benevolence and princely hospitality, to the uttermost bounds. How well, Oh! citizens of San Francisco! you realize these truths; how profoundly you loved that man; how you recollect his services to you; how anxious you are to do honor to his memory;—are most touchingly rehearsed in the fact that when they bore him away from the last embraces of his family, from the tearful, stricken group, and bore him to his chamber in the silent halls of death—the city of San Francisco went to his funeral. The streets were deserted; thoroughfares of trade depopulated, as if famine or pestilence had stricken the city, and the dead were buried, and the living fled. How well, Oh! citizens of San Francisco! you propose to vindicate his memory; how absolutely determined you are that his dust shall be held sacred, and that an exemplary retribution shall fall crushing upon the heads of his venomous, cowardly and persistent enemies,—this solemn demonstration, this countless throng of people, this sea of upturned and sympathetic faces, are the most startling and conclusive evidence. Having most falsely and foully misrepresented the condition of the affairs of the Bank of California, they stabbed this State to the very heart; they have impeached our credit at home and abroad, from centre to circumference; they have arrested the progress of manufactures; they have taken necessary capital out of circulation; they have impaired the safety and value of our securities; they have labored to disgrace us throughout the world, in every nation, Christian and Pagan,—in every land with which the American Republic holds commercial relations to-day. We have only to refer, my friends, for a moment, to the advertisements of the Bank of California, second only in importance to the Bank of England. We see at a glance how extensive and numerous were its ramifications; in how many commercial centres of the globe it engaged the confidence and respect of trade and commerce. Letters of credit issued, and available for the purchase of merchandise, throughout the United States, Europe, India, China, Japan, and Australia. It drew direct on London, Dublin, Paris, St. Petersburg, Amsterdam, Antwerp, Hamburg, Bremen, Leipsic, Vienna, Stockholm, Christiana.

The agent of the Associated Press in the city of New York, in league with, and inspired by the hate and malice of, his partners in San Francisco, charged the lightning to convey the history of our disasters to the farthest parts of the earth, and to hold up to the execration of the world the rotten condition of the financial structure of California. A shameless repudiation of all our sacred obligations—of the State debt—would have done us infinitely less harm than the Agent of the Associated Press did when he called the cable into

service, and made the lightning his messenger to convey the false story of financial ruin having fallen upon the State of California. I tell you, I solemnly believe that it will require twenty years, or more, to remedy the evil which they have done, and to restore California to the confidence of the world—to place her where she stood, New Year's morning 1875. For weeks, and months, preceding the death of RALSTON, the great banker—our benefactor and friend—there rained without intermission upon his devoted head, torrents of abuse—a deluge of the most abominable lies—from two of the leading papers in the city of San Francisco. By night, and by day, on week days, and on Sundays, they held him up to public execration, as the most conspicuous and malignant conspirator against the true interests and welfare of the city of San Francisco—a city which owes its present position and its magnificent progress, more to WILLIAM C. RALSTON than to any other man, living or dead, in California to-day. [Applause.] The city of San Francisco is MR. RALSTON'S monument. Nothing but the hand of God moving in the earthquake shall hurl that monument into ruins. It will live and grow, to scourge and burn the conscience of his traducers who had the heart, but not the courage, of the assassin. It will live and grow to fill their days with remorse, their nights with hideous dreams. It will live and grow to remind futurity that when the great banker passed away from us—when RALSTON was dead—a great city was weeping at his grave. When the hearts of all the people were crushed, or throbbing wildly with sympathy for his widowed wife or orphan children, there was one man left in the city of San Francisco to assail his memory—one man from whom the living could expect no mercy; whose venom and malice invaded the sanctuary of the dead—a creature equally offensive to God and man—a creation we once believed belonged to the realm of fable—a ghastly, greedy and gluttonous thing, whose season of enjoyment is the midnight, whose lunch-room is the sepulchre, and whose food is the dead!

> "The heartless enemy, whose sleepless eye
> Stands sentinel, accuser, judge and spy—
> The foe, the fool, the jealous and the vain—
> The envious who but breathe in others pain—
> Behold the Pack, delighting to deprave,—
> Who track the steps of glory to the grave,—
> Watch every fault that daring genius owes,
> Half to the ardour which its birth bestows,
> Distort the truth—accumulate the lie,
> And pile the pyramid of calumny."

My friends, I find it impossible for me to speak any longer. My friend, Mr. Williams, will read to you the resolutions which have been carefully prepared, and are ready to be submitted for your approbation this evening. You will find that these resolutions cover the whole ground. They suggest to you a safe, a peaceful, and an efficacious method of solving this problem.

I cannot leave this stand, to-night, without asking you to consider this one fact: This night must become historic in the State of California. To-morrow morning,—perhaps, to-night, the news of this meeting will be sent on the wings of lightning to the uttermost bounds of the earth. Do you, my friends, see that nothing is added to the history of this night, except that which breathes of order, honor and discipline.

Dr. Shorb retired amid great and prolonged applause.

Mr. Williams then read resolutions similar to those adopted in the hall, which were received with enthusiasm, and each resolution was acted on separately, and unanimously adopted.

The following resolution was then read, and adopted by a unanimous vote:

Resolved, That the course of the Agent of the Associated Press, in forwarding the slanderous attacks on the late MR. RALSTON, and in sending as facts the worst street rumors concerning the solvency of the Bank, and the character of MR. RALSTON, has been outrageously unjust to the people and interests of this Coast; that the use of the Associated Press despatches exclusively in the partisan support of the *Evening Bulletin* and *Morning Call*, in the dissemination of these slanders, deserves public rebuke; and that Mr. J. W. Simonton, one of the proprietors of those two papers, who is also the manager of the New York Associated Press, is directly chargeable with this prostitution of journalism.

Mr. Eugene Duprey was then introduced to the audience, and delivered a very forcible and effective speech which was received with great applause.

Mr. Williams here announced that Colonel Peter Donahue, a man well known to all, was present and on the platform, and would be glad to address the meeting, but was precluded by a severe cold from speaking in the open air. He desired Mr. Williams to say that he would heartily subscribe to all that has been said to-night.

After repeated calls, Colonel Donahue arose and said:—

FELLOW-CITIZENS: It was not my intention to address you on this occasion, but, being called upon, I will mention some of my own experiences with MR. RALSTON. I have known him since his first arrival here, when he was a Purser on the *Yankee Blade*. I repaired that ship, under his directions, for which he paid the workmen for double time for working during the night—paid them $12 or $14 per day.

The next instance in which my experience with MR. RALSTON brought me under obligation to him, was in the building of what was known as the San Jose Railroad. We only had a certain portion of the stock. Other gentlemen failing to furnish the sinews of war requisite to complete the work. In order to pay the workmen, and to carry on the work, it was necessary to call on MR. RALSTON for aid. Without his assistance we could not have succeeded. That, gentleman, was the first section of road. We also completed one to Gilroy. It is now known as the Southern Pacific Railroad. It was sold out to Mr. Stanford & Co., when they paid us a liberal price for it. The next enterprise in which I became engaged, which brought me in contact with MR. RALSTON, was one which will be remembered by those of you who lived here during the war. I was one, of two, who undertook to build the *Camanche*, which was contracted for in New York. My partner and myself were compelled to call upon MR. RALSTON to furnish the means to complete the ironclad *Camanche*. You may remember she was sunk on the Aquilla, and afterward recovered by the wreckers. We completed the vessel, and she is now up at Mare Island, ready for action.

The currency was not worth over fifty cents on the dollar at that time; and in order to pay the workmen, we asked, and received, from MR. RALSTON, assistance to the extent of $90,000.

MR. RALSTON has often given such assistance. When I did not have the money available to pay the men, I had only to go to MR. RALSTON and say, "I will pay you," and I have always obtained the money. And I thank God I had the means to pay him every dollar.

Now, gentlemen, I know of many instances like this in this city, wherein different master mechanics have obtained like assistance for the payment of their workmen.

I have taken several to MR. RALSTON myself, and upon assuring him that, although under a present pressure for money, they had the means and the will to pay him, his reply has always been: "here is the money!" In nineteen cases out of twenty, he has been paid by that class of men. I only speak of these things which I know myself, as instances of MR. RALSTON'S practical generosity and uniform kindness. And I know my experience is similar to that of all who have had dealings with him. I can only conclude, gentlemen, with the hope that, hereafter, in our community, such men—men of such magnanimous spirit, may be better rewarded by the public press, and may have a more timely death than did MR. RALSTON.

Mr. Williams then adjourned the meeting in these words: I am free to say that, in all my experience, I have never seen such an outdoor meeting.

It was said by some, that they did not desire to see this meeting, that it would be a mob. That is another one of their slanders. A more orderly meeting was never seen.

I now beg you to retire to your homes in that peaceful manner, in which I am sure you will. Thus will be added one more confutation to the slanders of those who have constantly misrepresented the good men of this community.

Another great concourse of people assembled about a stand at the corner of Third and Howard, and were addressed by M. D. Boruck, Esq., who was listened to with attention, interrupted only by applause. Resolutions similar to the foregoing were passed.

No evidence could be more conclusive of the heartfelt respect for the memory of RALSTON than the quiet meeting, decorous behavior, and solemn dispersion of so vast a multitude.

TESTIMONIALS

OF RESPECT FOR THE LIFE AND MEMORY OF WM. C. RALSTON, BY VARIOUS ASSOCIATIONS.

BOARD OF MANAGERS OF THE TENTH INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

Resolved, That this Board concurs with the President that in the death of Mr. Ralston they have lost a friend ever true to the interests of the Institute, and that this Board, as a token of respect, attend his funeral to-morrow as a body.

Sunday, August 29th, 1875.

THE PRESBYTERY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

WHEREAS, The funeral of the late W. C. RALSTON is to be held this day at 11 o'clock, in Calvary Church, and as he was prominently identified with all public institutions of this Church, on the Coast,—

Resolved, That we do now adjourn until Thursday next at 10 o'clock, A. M.,

Monday, August 30th.

F. E. SHEARER,
Stated Clerk.

TEMPLAR LODGE, NO. 17, I. O. O. F.

WHEREAS, Brother WILLIAM C. RALSTON, of this Lodge, suddenly departed this life August 27th, 1875, under peculiar and painful circumstances ; and,

WHEREAS, It seems fit that this Lodge should give some expression to an appreciative knowledge of the character of our deceased brother, as evidenced by his actions and purposes as an Odd Fellow ; therefore, we say,

First, That respecting all matters pertaining to the good of the Order, where brought to his attention by the proper officers or representatives of this Lodge, Brother RALSTON exhibited a lively interest and hope, and he only required that the opportunity should be so presented to him for great and unequaled generosity.

Second—That, notwithstanding the severe pressure upon his business hours, he was always anxious and determined to make time in their midst for services in behalf of any enterprise of charity or good will, which originated in our fraternity.

Third—That his action respecting the invitation and entertainment for the Grand Lodge of the United States, in this city, in 1869, and his labors and proffered subscriptions for the entertainment and maintenance of the Odd Fellows' College and Home, are splendid illustrations of the disposition he always manifested, in an appropriate degree, for the substantial promotion of the welfare and progress of the Order in California.

Fourth—That we know that Brother WM. C. RALSTON delighted to give of his riches for the relief or advancement of others ; we know that he prized the institution of Odd Fellowship because it offered to him one grand and secure method and channel for doing good to fellow men—to the widow and the orphan who required and were deserving of a helpful care and bounty in "the vicissitudes inseparable from human life."

Fifth—That while his example of benevolent liberality was a source and topic of encouragement and pride for the members of this Lodge, he was the more highly esteemed on account of the qualities indicated, because they were, in him, unaccompanied by any desire for notoriety; and his deeds, with us, are remembered and recorded, as the unostentatious tokens of his warm heart and genial sympathies.

Resolved, That we extend our sympathy to the family of the deceased brother.

Resolved, That the above preamble and statement be spread in full upon the minutes of this Lodge, and a copy of the same be transmitted to the widow of the deceased.

Resolved, That a copy of the above be furnished to the daily papers of the city for publication.

SAN FRANCISCO FEMALE HOSPITAL SOCIETY.

WHEREAS, WM. C. RALSTON, having been the best and truest friend the San Francisco Female Hospital has ever had—his generous bounty adding largely to give the institution existence; having also contributed largely to its continual maintenance by repeated acts of benevolence,—not only making his purse a treasury upon which we never drew in vain, but giving to the Lady Managers his constant support and advice; and

Whereas, The hundreds of poor sick who have received attention for for the past eight years from the Hospital, have a right now, for the first time, to know that they are largely indebted to the unostentatious charity of MR. RALSTON, and the community have won the right to have that which, while living, he always charged us to suppress—the knowledge of his generous donations.

Resolved, That we profoundly mourn his loss; we sympathize with his wife and children in his deplorable death; we add our sorrow to theirs. Their loss is irreparable, but the poor and sick have also lost a benefactor and friend, and our institution has lost its best friend.

Resolved, That we, as wives and mothers, extend to the widow of MR. RALSTON and his fatherless children our deepest sympathy, and beg them to accept this expression of our grief as the only tribute we can pay his memory.

Resolved, That the Secretary be directed to forward, on the part of the Lady Managers of the Hospital, these expressions of their sympathy and grief to Mrs. W. C. Ralston, and that copies of the same be furnished to the daily papers.

Ann M. Bugbee,
Mary J. Orr,
Anna M. Conkling,
Sydney M. Burling,
Lucy H. Janes,
Mrs. Lucius Thompson,
Maggie H. Morrow,
Mrs. William L. Merry,
Mrs. E. N. Robinson,
Josephine A. Deane,

Emily S. Tibby.

Thursday, September 2d, 1885.

PACIFIC DISPENSARY FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

WHEREAS, WILLIAM C RALSTON was the first life-member of this young institution, responding to the first call with money, with the characteristic instruction, "No Name"

Resolved, That in his death we feel that we have lost a friend, and the recipients of this charity should know to whom they are indebted for its earliest encouragement and support; that the many munificent gifts of MR. RALSTON for charitable purposes have shed a lustre upon his fame never to be effaced, and have won gratitude from the known and the unknown; and now that his heart has ceased to beat, his name will ever be held in grateful remembrance.

Resolved, That we sincerely condole with the family of the deceased on the dispensation with which it has pleased Divine Providence to afflict them, and commend them for consolation to Him who orders all things for the best.

Resolved, That this heartfelt testimonial of our sympathy and sorrow be forwarded to the widow and fatherless children of our departed friend, by the Secretary of this Society; also, copies of the same to the daily papers of San Francisco.

Mrs D. J. Staples, President,
Mrs. A. L. Stone, } Vice do.
Mrs. E. Cohen, }
Mrs. O. W. Easton, Treasurer,
Mrs. C. L. Taylor,
Mrs. C. A. Wright,

Mrs. Thomas Flint,
Mrs. Wm. J. Wallace,
Mrs. Cyrus Palmer.
Mrs. E. W. Phillips.
Mrs. Jos. Haley,
Mrs. John Hooper.

Monday, September 6, 1875.

SAN FRANCISCO BOARD OF SUPERVISORS.

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Almighty and Beneficent Ruler of the Universe, in his inscrutable wisdom, to remove from his earthly duties and responsibilities, WILLIAM C. RALSTON, a prominent banker of this city, respected for his personal worth and virtues; distinguished for his broad and liberal views; his enterprise and assiduity in the encouragement of all industries and manufactures, and beloved for his unostentatious charity, and for his many estimable qualities; therefore be it

Resolved, That in the loss of WILLIAM C. RALSTON, called away suddenly in all the fullness of his powers, this city has lost a noble and public-spirited man, and a citizen whose energies and abilities have accomplished much to advance the general prosperity of this city and State; and whose generous and self-sacrificing acts, in spite of his misfortune, have endeared his memory to all classes in our midst.

Resolved, That the members of this Board respectfully extend their heartfelt sympathy to the family of the deceased; and that, in token of respect, a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the family of the deceased, and the same be entered on the minutes of the Board.

Monday, September 6th, 1875.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

WHEREAS, the hand of Divine Providence has removed from our midst our friend and brother, WM. C. RALSTON, a life-member of this Association; and

WHEREAS, By his sudden death, the city and State have lost one of their most valued citizens, and this Association one of its greatest benefactors; now, therefore, be it

Resolved That as an Association, we deeply deplore his loss to the community at large, and to this Association in particular.

Resolved That much of our present prosperity, as an Association, is due to his prompt and generous responses to our appeals for financial aid, and the influence of the example thus set by him.

Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved family.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the records of the Association, and a copy thereof be transmitted to the family of the deceased and to the daily newspapers of this city.

Thursday, September 9th, 1875.

SAN FRANCISCO STOCK AND EXCHANGE BOARD.

At a special meeting of the Board, Coll Deane, President, presided. Appropriate remarks were made by different members of the Board. It was resolved that the Board meet as a body on Monday morning, at 11 o'clock, and attend the funeral.

George. W. Smiley then pronounced the following eulogy on the memory of the deceased:

Mr. President: I have been delegated to perform a sad, mournful duty. The words which I would speak scarce need the utterance. The sorrowful and anxious faces before me, the mournful appearance of our city, the gloom of sadness that is spread like a funeral pall on everything and every person, appeal to every manly sympathy and speak in language more forcible than lips of mine could utter,—telling you, and me, and every one, that WILLIAM C. RALSTON is dead!

It would, indeed, require a gifted tongue to do justice to his memory. His qualities of mind and heart were all that could be wished for in the dearest friend. Ever ready to assist the needy and heart-broken, not only with pecuniary aid, but also by words of encouragement and sympathy, he stood—a good man among the best of men.

A loving and affectionate wife and children will miss him, while fond hearts throughout the land, in gratitude for kind words in the time of need and despair, will mourn his loss.

The weeping willow, singing its mournful requiem over his grave, will, in the spring-time of its life, represent in each new bud and leaf, the countless number of his friends—the greenness of their never-dying love. Truly, a great man has fallen. We mourn his loss.

Saturday, August 28th, 1875.

PACIFIC STOCK EXCHANGE.

Resolved, That we have heard with heartfelt sorrow of the untimely death of WILLIAM C. RALSTON. In him we have lost a faithful friend, the city one of its noblest citizens, and thousands who needed help, their greatest benefactor. We mourn for him as a man of great heart which, in the heyday of his prosperity, great wealth could never harden; as a citizen whose ardent spirit prompted, infused, sustained and encouraged all useful enterprises, all noble charities, all struggling merit. As Californians, we deplore the loss of our State's most fearless champion, ever thoughtful of its welfare. As San Franciscans, we mourn one who illustrated all the civic virtues. As men, our hearts droop in sorrow at the loss of our friend.

Resolved, That we extend to the bereaved family, our heartfelt sympathy; and that the Secretary be instructed to transmit to them a copy of these resolutions.

Resolved, As a token of our respect, that the members of the Exchange will attend the funeral in a body, and that these resolutions, be spread upon the records of the Exchange.

Saturday, August 28th, 1875.

PRODUCE EXCHANGE.

The sudden death of WM. C. RALSTON calls for some expression of our sense of his public services, and of the loss sustained by his friends.

His long career as the head of a leading financial establishment has made his name familiar to every one. He was a man of remarkable influence and power, although he never aspired to public life. He took a deep interest in promoting the welfare of this Western Coast, especially in manufacturing, mining, and other interests of a wide-spread public nature.

He was a man of unbounded hospitality and warm personal attachments. Very few men have left behind them so many, and as sincere friends. Therefore,

Resolved, That we tender our sincere sympathy to the friends and family of MR. RALSTON.

Resolved, That this action be published in the daily presses of this city, and be spread upon the minutes of the Produce Exchange.

D. BALLARD,
N. C. FASSETT,
CHAS. CLAYTON,
R. H. BENNETT.

Saturday, August 28th, 1875.

MOST WORTHY GRAND LODGE OF THE ANCIENT JEWISH ORDER OF KESHER SHEL BARSEL.

WHEREAS, This city and State has just suffered, by the hand of grim death, the loss of a man who has been one of the brightest stars in that galaxy of Pioneers who are identified with its prosperity and growth; and,

WHEREAS, It behooves us, as friends of suffering humanity, to recognize the merits of these men of our co-laborers in the sacred cause who are not within the pale of our religion; therefore be it

Resolved, That in honor of the memory of WM. C. RALSTON, who has ever been ready to assist the sacred cause of charity, regardless of the creed or nationality of the beneficiaries of this country, this Grand Lodge now adjourn until Monday next, at 7½ P. M.

Sunday, August 29th, 1875.

PHOTOGRAPHERS ASSOCIATION.

WHEREAS, By one of the unforeseen, and to us, inscrutable acts of Providence, the great heart of WILLIAM C. RALSTON has, by an accidental circumstance, ceased to beat, and his presence on earth will be known to us no more; therefore, be it

Resolved, That this Society desires to recognize, by a public voice, the great amount of gratitude which it owes to its departed friend, and to recall the many kindnesses which it has experienced at his hands. To his energetic and philanthropic spirit, many of the photographers of San Francisco are proud to acknowledge material business obligations, and on the recent projected visit of the National Photographic Association in this city, the subscription of MR. RALSTON, individually, exceeded the amount collected from all other sources together.

Resolved, That in view of such an example of public enterprise, and encouragement to the profession which we represent, it is our duty, as it is the desire of our sorrowing gratitude, to record our sense of his estimable worth, and to inscribe upon the scroll of his fame, this poor tribute of affection for his memory.

Resolved, That our expression of heartfelt sorrow for the loss which we, in common with the whole community, have sustained by his untimely death, be communicated to his widow and family, and with it our hope that they will find consolation for their irreparable loss, in the unbounded grief which possesses the hearts of those among whom he so long lived and labored.

WM. H. RULOFSON,
H. W. VAUGHAN,
A. J. PERKINS.

GEO. B. RIEMAN, Secretary.

NEW YORK ASSOCIATED PIONEERS OF THE TERRITORIAL DAYS OF CALIFORNIA.

(Telegraphed to the Alta.)

NEW YORK, September 13th.—A large meeting of resident and non-resident Californians, in this city, was held at the Sturtevant House this evening, under the auspices of the Associated Pioneers of the Territorial Days of California, for the purpose of giving expression to their feelings of sympathy for the misfortunes which overtook the late WILLIAM C. RALSTON, of San Francisco. The meeting was held in the large dining-room of the hotel, and was called to order by Gen. Gibson, who, in a few feeling remarks, stated the object of the meeting, and introduced the Orator of the Evening, General Edward F. Beale, who proceeded to deliver an eulogy of the deceased, and spoke, substantially as follows:

The death of WILLIAM C. RALSTON, of whom we have met to talk, and whom we have loved so sincerely, has been so severe a shock that we have not yet recovered our composure. For my part, I cannot, yet, by any means, realize the fact that I shall see his kindly, genial face no more. I do believe that the State owes to his wisdom, foresight, and enterprise, an advance of ten years, at least, in development of every useful industry. It was a common saying that the Bank of California, which was RALSTON, was interested in everything. That was perfectly true. There was not an enterprise conceived that was not first carried to him for approval and aid in establishing it. His quick perception and ready decision were scarcely ever at fault. Is the scheme well planned? Are the men reliable and worthy? Will it benefit California? These were the questions he asked himself, and these, satifactorily settled in his mind, it mattered nothing whether it was a valley of four hundred miles in length to be irrigated, and brought into use to the State for furnishing additional articles of consumption or export—requiring millions, perhaps, for the work; or a woolen mill, to consume, at home, and give labor to our people, that which we had formerly sent abroad to be manufactured by others and returned to us at extravagant prices. If it could be shown him by intelligent mechanics that his own State could manufacture, from her own wood, better furniture, and stronger carriages; or that we could make as good a watch in San Francisco as elsewhere—his hand was in his pocket to assist, and his fertile brain was at the service of those who came to tell him of any means by which he could give labor to our own people, and render ourselves independent of the rest of the world. Yes, the Bank of California did, in everything that aided the State to take a position, in twenty years, which others, with equal advantages, have not gained in twice that period. It will be a long time, if ever, before another such institution, managed by a head so wise and patriotic, will be seen on that Coast For money, *as money*, he had no regard whatever. His view was simply what great good he could do with it, what new industry could be developed by its use. He was a special Providence to all in need of charity.

He gave always more than money. To the needy, he even added to his bountiful charity that which is frequently as much required as money, his tender and gentle sympathy with distress. People, here, who only know of the enormous power and wealth he controlled, cannot conceive of such a man, because they have none such men among them. He was the most accessible and least pretentious man that ever lived—sitting behind the millions of that great Bank whose money, in a thousand streams, circulated and rendered fertile every interest of the State. The poorest man had instant access to him, through his ever-open door. The people of the whole State loved him; and men who lived on the far borders of civilization, delving, perhaps, in the mines of Arizona, and who could look to no one else for help, liked to talk of him familiarly, and of the time when they would go to 'Frisco and see Bill Ralston about it. No man ever lived, of his riches and command of wealth, whose life was so unselfishly devoted to the interests and happiness of others, and the prosperity of the State in which he lived. He was, emphatically, a public man. His house at Belmont, and the princely

style in which it was kept, was not so much his own as a State affair. Individually, no one had more simple tastes and habits; but he liked to entertain daily, and in a sumptous manner, as his own guests, all who visited the Coast of the Pacific. This he did because he thought it benefitted California. He was placable in the extreme; and those who had opposed, or injured him, had only to make the slightest advance, to be met with outstretched hands and a full and frank forgiveness; and I do not doubt, if his valuable and precious life had been spared, and fortune had ever placed those who lately warred against him within his power, he would never have cherished the thought of malice towards them, but would have returned their evil intentions with good. It is, indeed, a State calamity to lose such a man from among its citizens. Of the friend of whom we speak to-night, it may be truthfully said that the good he did lives after him; and what he did of evil, lies interred with his bones. It lives in every useful enterprise, whether of commerce, manufactures, or agriculture, on the Pacific Coast, and the generations hereafter will gratefully trace back to him and to his aid, the most solid foundations of our wealth, power and prosperity.

At the close of General Beale's remarks, the Secretary read a number of letters from old Californians, who were unable to be present. Among them were W. Robbins, of Chicago, H. Goodwin, of Newark, New Jersey, Ex-Governor Ward, of New Jersey, and Major Andrews, of the Fifth United States Artillery. The latter writes that RALSTON'S life was devoted to the aggrandisement of our city, and his name was, and will be, a part of her history during the days of her rising glory. The sad accident by which his usefulness was so quickly terminated, renders it imperative that all who knew him should vindicate his reputation, and preserve his memory untarnished to future generations.

The Secretary also read a number of articles from California papers, eulogistic of the character of Mr. RALSTON.

The following resolutions, offered by W. B. Farwell, were then adopted unanimously:

WHEREAS, The Associated Pioneers of the Territorial days of California, in common with their former fellow-citizens of the Pacific Coast, have heard with profound sorrow and regret, of the misfortunes and untimely death of the late WILLIAM C. RALSTON, and,

WHEREAS, Recognizing the inestimable value of his services to the public of California, in the unceasing devotion of his great energies and his marvelous financial abilities toward the promotion of public prosperity; of his generous philanthropy and charities toward his fellow men; realizing, also, that, while his death is a public bereavement which time may assuage, it is, at the same time, a calamity and a loss which no lapse of time can recompense to them, it is hereby

Resolved, That the sympathies of this Association are in entire accord with those of the citizens of San Francisco who have recently borne such emphatic testimony to the character of the man, and paid such warm-hearted and deserving tribute to his name and memory.

Resolved, That to his family and relatives we extend our sincere condolence and our tenderest sympathies, in this the hour of their bereavement, and offer them assurance that we shall always hold his name and memory in heartfelt reverence and honor.

On motion, it was ordered that copies of the resolutions be sent to the San Francisco papers, and also be engrossed, and a copy sent to MR. RALSTON'S family.

The Chairman introduced Mr. Frank M. Pixley, who had just entered the hall, having freshly arrived from San Francisco; he was cordially welcomed. After a few opening remarks, expressive of his pleasure in meeting old friends in sympathy with their present object, he gave a description of the universal

manifestations of sorrow at MR. RALSTON'S death, as he saw them before leaving the Pacific Coast, and uttered a glowing tribute to his memory.

After adopting resolutions of thanks to Mr. Leland for the use of the rooms; to Gen. Beale for his able eulogy; to F. M. Pixley for his remarks; and to the members of the press for their attention, the meeting adjourned.

Among the prominent guests present, were: Gen. H. Gates Gibson, John Sickles, Francis D. Clark, W. B. Farwell, Wm. H. Garrison, J. E. Nutman, O. Pearson, Lewis Leland, Col. Fritz, Jerome Leland, Hon. J. S. Wetherell, S. L. Marchant, J. A. Godfrey, Ex-Consul to Mexico; Col. Bertram, Ex-Governor Rodman M. Price, Mark Brumagim, A. A. Selover, and many others.

The following is copied from an obituary published in the *Evening Examiner*. As will be observed, it follows the text of Marc Anthony's oration over the body of Cæsar, almost *verbatim*, as far as it goes, and its application is remarkable:—

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears!
We have buried Cæsar, and mourn him in our hearts.
The evil that men do, lives after them;
The good is often buried with their bones.
So let it not be with Cæsar. The noble Brutes
Have told you that Cæsar was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutes
(For Brutes are honorable men)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's memory.
He was my friend—faithful and true to me—
But Brutes do say he was ambitious—
And Brutes are honorable men.
I speak not to disprove what Brutes have spoke,
But I am here to speak of what I do know.
You all did love him once—not without cause—
And no cause withholds you to mourn him now.
O judgment! thou art not fled to brutish beasts—
Men have not lost their reason!
But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world. Now lies he there!
And while the poor do give him reverence,
Brutes do stab his corpse.
But Brutes are honorable men,
So mark *me*. ANTONY.

In Memoriam.

In every rank of life, in every station,
We miss the man that we have lost for aye;
His generous heart was throbbing for a nation;
It throbs no more beneath the lifeless clay.

We know the world—a world of tears and sorrow;
We see how rarely are bright flags unfurled;
We cannot tell if we shall see to-morrow,
But, oh! 'tis hard to spare him from the world.

Before our every step fresh tombs are yawning;
The orange blossoms yield to immortelles;
The wedding peal is ringing with the dawning,
The sun sets drearily to funeral bells.

We miss him for the good that he has wrought us,
And for the good that yet remained in store;
We miss him for the lessons he has taught us;
We miss his presence, yet we mourn him more.

We miss him for the kindly hand extended;
The frequent, generous aid to small and great;
We miss him for the men he has befriended,
And most of all we miss him for the State.

And are there men can speak of him with scorning?
Can pour their venom on his lifeless clay?
Can murky twilight slight the glorious morning?
Can midnigh t villify the coming day?

"Speak of the dead no evil"—kind old saying
That hides old faults where faults are left to hide;
The voices by the tombstone should be praying
And base the heart that o'er a grave can chide.

We buried him, and left him in our sorrow,
A city sobbed its heart out on his bier;
But these men could not wait until to-morrow
To carve beneath his epitaph a sneer.

Ten thousand hands through all the State were wreathing
Cypress and immortelles to deck his grave;
And one false spirit all the while was breathing
The noisome venom that its nature gave.

Ah! his good deeds, outstepping time and distance,
Poured their impartial benefits on all.
Poor helpless clay! thou needest our assistance,
Since malice, worm-like, creeps baneath thy pall.

Oh, judge between them! Judge, ye men and brothers,
Between his acts and what his foes have said!
Which will ye trust—the slander of the others,
Or the still pleading of the mighty dead?

G. H. Jessop.

S. F. Evening Post.

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